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MONSTERS OF THE SOCIAL WORLD.

THE social world has its monsters, as well as the natural. By a stretch of the meaning, we apply this term to all who carry any peculiarity of character to the extreme, or who are in the extreme of any peculiar condition. Some years ago, when we were ourselves young monsters of frolicsomeness and satire, we used to amuse ourselves, and think we amused others, by enumerating the various kinds of persons to whom we thought the phrase applicable—assuming on the occasion a tone of affected distress and vexation, which we used to think the very daintiest of all possible kinds of waggishness, and which did every thing but kill several young college friends who were in the custom of calling upon us two or three times a-week about tea-time. Most of the ideas, and, worse than that, the feelings of those days, have now left us; but we still remember something of our "monsters;" for, of all the things of the past, commend us to the frivolous for sticking longest in the memory. Pressed by the weekly necessity of doing something for the entertainment of our large company of friends, we, like some ancient lady, who, over-urged to sing, thinks of some gay ditty of her youth, do now come in mind of those drolleries of a former day; and, as the said ancient lady, after a thousand apologies, weakly mumbleth that which she once could warble, so do we now, all stayed and philosophical as the world and years have made us, attempt to repeat our lecture on Monsters.

Monsters, ladies and gentlemen, are an afflicting set of people, whom you may not perhaps know by name, but who are only too sure to be recognised by you, when once a specimen or two of them have been described. There, ladies and gentlemen, is the *Business Monster*—a very sufficient and formidable monster, I assure you. His maxim is "all for business or the world well lost." He thinks of nothing but business, for he thinks nothing else worth thinking of. The beauty of business is his constant theme. His great words are "your note"—"transaction"—"acceptance"—"the house." You never see exactly how he lives—that is to say, you do not hear of actual money realised by him: he only speaks of balances and cash-books. It seems all a matter of book-keeping. His children are fed by double entry, and educated by "brought forward's." His whole look is papery, or woolleny, or cottony, or whatever else he deals in. He bears, himself, no trace of a domestic human existence, and you can no more imagine him sitting at ease by a parlour fire at his breakfast, than you can imagine him as a disembodied immortal. How he was reared up to his present condition, or what he is to be when no more fit for business, you are equally at a loss to conceive. Could this mercantile engine ever have been a child in petticoats, or a sportive schoolboy? Can he ever become a leisurely old-gentlemanly sort of person? No. All you know or can suppose is, that a *Business Monster* he is. As for what he was, or may yet be, the idea exceeds all intellectual reach and compass. Yet I have seen such a thing as a *Business Monster* attending an evening party. He is sure to arrive late—perhaps still rubbing his hands in thanks for the last customer's money, and with the grateful smirk not yet altogether vanished from his countenance. He tells you confidently that he is late; but "business must be attended to." Letters for post—great deal of fagging—are other snatches of phraseology which drop from the *Business Monster*. Ten to one, he then enters into a detail of his tremendous transactions, all of course for the purpose of afflicting you, who have not yet been able to realise half such an income as you deserve. The fact is, he says, one must keep moving in this

world—no standing still—all are pushing along, and you must push along too. You soon find that the greatest of all crimes in his eyes is not to be active, or not to have good business habits—as if the only use of human beings were to buy and sell to one another. You may talk to him of the cultivation of the mind by literature, and the informing it by science, all the time that business is also attended to in a moderate degree; but it will be in vain. These are ideas which the brain of our *Business Monster* does not admit of. There business reigns, an unmixed monarchy, all else seeming treason and sedition against it. The monster has the same contempt for cool uncommercial towns, as for quiet uncommercial persons. He rails at Edinburgh, as a place of no business, while Glasgow seems to him the beau-ideal of all a town ought to be. He also dislikes the English cathedral towns; but smoky and muddy Manchester fills him with delight. In short, no man, no town, no country, can have any merit in the eyes of our *Business Monster*, unless they be, like himself, mercantile, altogether mercantile, and nothing but mercantile.

Now for the *Eating and Reading Young Man Monster*. This is a half-baked youth of some fifteen or sixteen, with an afflictingly healthy appearance, and clothes that seem to have shrunk away at all the outlets for the legs and arms—this peculiarity being a consequence of an almost tropical rapidity of growth, which tailors pant after in vain. One is apt to find young monsters of this species planted as boarders in the houses of city people in moderate circumstances, to whom they have been consigned from the country. Being young, they of course pay only some small board—a most absurd arrangement, which should be exactly reversed, seeing that their youth only makes them eat thrice as much as they would do if full grown. I always pity honest people who take in young boarders from the country. I am sure they lose tremendously in money, leaving trouble altogether out of the question. When you chance to pop into any such house, you are sure to see the young vampires glaring over the tea-table, which they are in the act of desolating, while a book within the sweep of their left arm shows that the mental appetite is also active. Some writers on dietetics have a theory, that the mind and body do not usually manifest appetite contemporaneously, the nervous energy being unable to keep both stomach and brain active. But monsters of this species prove the contrary. They awake every morning at five to read Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and at eight are ready to lay waste any kind of breakfast-table that may be spread out before them. Whatever time their business or regular studies may leave them throughout the day, they employ in devouring books, and bread and butter. They eat while reading, and read while eating; the one process never in the least interferes with the other. All the time of their reading, a powerful stomachic digestion is going on, nervous energy or no nervous energy, as their unfortunate landladies could well substantiate, if any reasonable doubt could really be entertained on the subject.

The next figure on our canvass, ladies and gentlemen, ought, for variety's sake, to be of the gentler sex. We shall therefore take the *Album-keeping Supposed-to-be-clever Young Lady Monster*. This is a monster of awful omen to all mankind, but to literary men in particular. The *Album-keeping* supposed-to-be-clever *Young Lady Monster* never encounters any such person but she makes a dead set at him, for the purpose of getting a contribution for her book of botheration, which she is con-

stantly going about with, like Vanderdecken with his letter; but, unfortunately for the peace of mankind, she cannot be so easily refused a favour as that celebrated spiritual navigator. Oh, the affliction of falling into the hands of an *Album-keeping* supposed-to-be-clever *Young Lady Monster*! Do what you like, say what you like, you cannot fail to become her victim. Brain must be racked, pen must be mended, paper must be spoilt. And there you must stand self-gibbeted amidst a host of scarecrow nothings till the day of doom. Ladies and gentlemen, I beg your excuse; this subject is one which gives me such extreme pain in recollection, that I feel myself quite unable to proceed with it.

We shall go, if you please, to the *Mother of Marriageable Daughters Monster*. A very terrific and overpowering monster she is, this same *Mother of Marriageable Daughters Monster*. She is considerable in bulk, wears a tremendous cap or turban, and plants herself on a sofa as a queen plants herself on a throne. She has a most mathematical eye for the measurement of young men, apprehending all their circumstances and prospects through some *clairvoyance* of her own, altogether unconnected with animal magnetism. She has her muslined flock in the best possible training, so that all their movements are conducted with the greatest nicety according to preconceived plans, not a single quadrille being ever danced by any one of them which has not been calculated upon before-hand as quite allowable. She is full of "Bella, my dear's," and "Jessy, my love's," by which terms she is constantly calling them around her, and sending them off, somewhat like a falconer managing his hawks. No young men of any order like the *Mother of Marriageable Daughters Monster*. Those who are not eligible, detest her for the chilling way in which she receives them; those who are eligible, though smilingly entreated, detect her policy, and fly from her toils. She is always telling her friends how entirely she is devoted to the interests of her family. She seems to think an unlimited selfishness on their account not only the most allowable, but positively the most illustrious, of all feelings. She has herself no idea of the real nature of her case. She thinks she is going out to enjoy company, when she is full of anxious considerations as to the style of the society in which she is about to mingle. Her mind at a party is a strange jumble of pleasant and unpleasant sensations. Not altogether exempt from the genial feelings which rise in one's bosom amidst agreeable friends, she is yet chiefly occupied in severe calculations as to the effect which her appearance *here* with her daughters is likely to have on their destinies. The house is perhaps a shade below the character of those she likes to visit, or there is some single person present who ought not to have it in his power to say that he has met "*my daughters*." It is scarcely possible for her to be any where without having some such causes for care, and accordingly her enjoyments of society are pretty much of a kind with the wooing of some nations, which proverbial wisdom describes as any thing but amiable. Rarely, rarely must it be that our *Mother of Marriageable Daughters Monster* can allow herself to be entirely happy.

The *Health-seeking Monster* is a person with yellow blood, instead of the common crimson, and a dull fish-like eye, apt of an evening to be uncommonly muffled up about the throat, who believes himself to be afflicted with half the diseases in the nosology, and is always telling his friends so, but, Cassandra-like, is never believed. He is very learned in watering-places, at each of which he is as well known as any of the natives; and he has a considerable acquaintance with

apothecaries, and knows the character of all patent medicines, from Morrison's Pills to Dalby's Carmine. To stamp him at once—he keeps a medicine chest. He is deeply skilled in flannels, and has great doubts of the sanity of any person who does not wear them. Summer weather is a thing he does not believe in. At least he has not seen any since he was a boy; and when he hears any body complaining of the strong sunshine reflected against the pavement, he shakes his head at their enthusiasm, and only wishes them to turn the corner, and feel that east wind blowing. It is a question of some danger to ask him how he does, especially if you have not half an hour to spare just at the moment, for his answer seldom takes less time in the delivery. He immediately proceeds to lead you through a labyrinthine series of perplexed and contradictory sensations, up and down, backwards and forwards, hither and thither, through the body, each subject to all the variations brought about by morning, noon, and night, breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; you following, or trying to follow, with your "indeeds," and "very sorrys," and "extremely distressings," till your head runs round, and you bless the friend passing another way, who gives you occasion to break off, and leave him in the midst of his agonies. At a dinner-party, he gives lectures on the digestibility of each dish. He does not succeed in frightening any body from partaking of any one of them, but only contrives that they shall eat with a bad conscience, and not enjoy their food nearly so much as they ought to do. In the evening, he appears in the character of the *No-supper-taking Monster*—an independent monster of himself, but who may be the same with the one now under notice. Here he acts as a perfect bugbear, somewhat like the petted child, who will neither eat nor let others eat. Supper he first states, as a general proposition, to be a thing which should not be at all. And then he goes into the unsuitability of each particular thing for being taken in the evening, scrupulously for his own part sitting back from the table, or at the utmost allowing a glass of water to be placed coldly and ostentatiously before him. Every body eats nevertheless. The only effect, as in the case of dinner, is to make them eat uncomfortably, each man feeling as if dyspepsia hung, like the sword of Damocles, over his head. An atrocious wretch is the *No-supper-taking Monster*, whether in union, or not in union, with the *Health-seeking Monster*. "Let no such man be invited."

After all the afflicting monsters which have been described, I will, ladies and gentlemen, conclude with a rather laughable specimen, just by way of leaving off in good humour. He is the *Young-Man-anxious-to-settle-down Monster*. Aged two-and-twenty, and as yet scarcely fixed in any tolerable sort of occupation, he is nevertheless inspired with an intense solicitude on the subject of matrimony, as if he conceived that that, like other lotteries, closed at a certain day, so that all opportunity of venturing a ticket was about to vanish for ever. One can conceive him roaming constantly about, exclaiming "For heaven's sake, let me settle down! Will nobody allow me to settle down? Oh do, good people, let me settle down!" He does not do this in reality; he only tells every body, as a great secret, that he is anxious to marry, and wishes very much they could recommend him to a good wife. He also attends eagerly at all parties, and pic-nics, for the purpose of seeing as abundant a variety of young ladies as possible. The strange thing is, that, with all his professed anxiety on the subject, he never marries. Perhaps he sees so many that he is unfitted for making a choice. Perhaps a more deliberate manner is required in order to get one's head insinuated into the gilded collar. Certes, he does not marry while under the influence of the solicitude in question. Probably, after you have lost sight of the *Young-man-anxious-to-settle-down Monster* for some years, you once more meet him in some accidental way, when you are surprised to find, that, though now rich, thirty-five, and with many family reasons for marrying, he is perfectly cool upon that subject which, when he was young and poor, solely engrossed his thoughts. In short, by a process peculiar to the branch of natural history which I am expounding, he has become changed from the kind of monster he once was, to a totally different one, namely, the *Not-a-Marrying-Man Monster*—a kind of being who may be described as a personified insult to the fair sex, and who should be rigorously excluded, accordingly, from all places where females exist or are invited. I could say more respecting this very distressing monster; but, being

anxious to part with my audience in good humour, I mercifully forbear.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, having laid before you a considerable variety of monsters of both sexes, I must draw to a conclusion. The subject, you may well believe, is by no means exhausted. Society has many more monsters than these; but enough has been done to bring the general question fully before you. I am besides afraid, that, if I were to prosecute the subject much farther, you might begin to suppose that there was also such a species in the order, as the *Every-body's-little-faults-and-foibles-detecting-and-exposing Monster*, which I should be the last person in the world to wish to suggest to you. And so, adieu!

PRISON LIFE, BY MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Concluded.

THE cases I became acquainted with in the Philadelphia Penitentiary were not all hopeful. Some of the convicts were so stupid, or so much under the influence of erroneous feelings (not, however, the result of any peculiarity of the Penitentiary), that I would not answer for the possibility of making any thing of them. One fellow, a sailor, notorious for having taken more lives than probably any man in the United States, was quite confident that he should be perfectly virtuous henceforth. He should never touch any thing stronger than tea, or lift his hand against money or life. I told him I thought he could not be sure of all this till he was within sight of money, and the smell of strong liquors; and that he was more confident than I should like to be. When I had got him upon subjects on which he could talk with some simplicity, I found that even this man preferred this prison to others that he had been in. It so happened that no conviction for murder had ever been procurable against him: his imprisonments were all for theft. His account of the old Walnut Street prison was dreadful. He there daily heard stories of crimes, from four in the winter afternoon till daylight. "Poor boasting! for the crimes they bragged of were never done." I asked him how he got into that prison. "For a couple o' larcenies, a grand and a little," said he, with the most business-like nonchalance. He was waylaid by two old burglars on his coming out, and on the spot agreed upon an enterprise for the next night. His mother died in his arms: he went and committed the burglary, was caught, and before midnight was in prison again. "Such," said he, with the most careless air imaginable, "was my duty to my parents." His accounts of his deeds were too scientific for my understanding; but I made out enough to be ready when he asked my advice what to do when he came out. I answered as if he were in earnest, advising him to leave Philadelphia and all towns, and settle in the woods, out of the way of grog-shops, bad company, and other people's property. But his keepers expect that he will end his days with them; and this is the hope of that part of society which fears his ferocity.

When I was at Philadelphia, there had been four attempts to escape (all unsuccessful) since the opening of the establishment in 1829. These attempts were encouraged by the circumstance of workmen being busy in completing the prison; and it was in every case disguised as workmen that the prisoners ventured out into the yard. They were all immediately detected and brought in; and such adventures are not likely to recur, now that the building is completed.

I am persuaded that the system of Separate Imprisonment is the best method of punishment which has yet been tried. Much as the prisoners suffer from the dreary solitude, cheered only by their labour, and by the visits of their guardians, they testified, without exception and without concert, to their preference of this over all other methods of punishment. The grounds of preference were, that they could preserve their self-respect, in the first place; and in the next, their chance in society on their release. They said that though they had done a wrong thing, and were rightly secluded on that ground, they ought not to have any further punishment inflicted upon them than was expressed; and that it was the worst of punishments not to be treated with the respect due to men. They leave the prison with the recompense of their extra labour in their pockets, and without the fear of being waylaid by vicious old companions, or hunted from employment to employment by those whose interest it is to deprive them of a chance of establishing a character.

Labour is the grand solace. Work is, in prison as out of it, the grand equaliser, stimulus, composer, and rectifier; the prime deligation, and the prime privilege. It is delightful to see how soon its character is recognised by the solitary convict. Most of the Philadelphia prisoners have craved it before the two days of compulsory idleness were out; and in no case have eight days elapsed before it has been asked for by the

most refractory, however vehemently they may have sworn that they will never work. Small incidents show what a resource it is. A convict-shoemaker mentioned to a visitor a very early hour of the winter day as that at which he began to work. "But how can you see at that time of a winter's morning? It must be nearly dark." "I hammer my leather. That requires very little light. I get up and hammer my leather."

The great deficiency in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, when I was there, was in the administration of religion. Some benevolent clergymen went, from time to time; but no regular chaplain had then been appointed. Without such an appointment, the system cannot be said to have had a fair trial; and the conductors of the establishment were so well aware of this, that they had never ceased to petition the legislature on the subject. As the system of Separate Imprisonment gains ground, I hope the practice of prison-visiting will gain ground too. This aid ought to be afforded to the ministrations of the clergymen; and I know of no direction that can be taken by charity with such certainty of success as that of visiting the secluded convict. It seems far from desirable that prisoners should be visited for the express purpose of giving them religious, and no other, instruction and sympathy. The great object is to occupy the sufferer's mind with such innocent subjects as interest him most; to keep up his sympathies, and nourish his human affections; and especially to promote the activity and cheerfulness of his mind. His situation is such—he is so driven back upon the realities of life in his own mind, that the danger is of his accepting religion as a temporary solace, of his separating it in idea from active life, and craving for the most exciting kinds of it; so as that when he returns to the world, he will discard it as something suiting his prison life, but no longer needed—no longer appropriate. If, keeping this in view, kind-hearted persons will spend a few of their leisure hours in the prison cells, honourably observing the rules, telling no news, but cheerfully conversing on the prisoner's affairs, his work, his family, his prospects on his release, and the books he reads—if they will carry him good and entertaining books, taking care that such as are religious are of a moderate and cheerful character, these friendly visitors will be doing an essential service, by investing with pleasant associations whatsoever things are honest, pure, lovely, and of good report, and can scarcely fail of restoring, more or less completely, the moral health of the objects of their benevolence. No one who has not tried, can imagine the ease with which sufferers so placed are touched and influenced, in the absence of all that is pernicious, and in absolute dependence, as they are, on the sympathy of those who will be kind to them. The holding out my hand to my prison acquaintance at parting, brought every one of them to tears: yet there was nothing unmanly in their bearing; there was no lack of health; no feebleness of spirits; though a quietness of manner such as might be anticipated in men under punishment, and subject to remorse. If watchful observation over such were united with common prudence and kindness, I believe that a prisoner of five years would rarely re-enter society, unqualified for the discharge of his duties there. I have no doubt that every prison visitor has been conscious, on first conversing privately with a criminal, of a feeling of surprise at finding him so human. If the humanity which still dwells in the worst of criminals be duly cherished, it would be a bold thing to deny that the worst of criminals may be restored to the mind and deportment of a man.

Much has been heard in England of the Auburn prison and its management; and some establishments have been organised in imitation of it among us: but with no very promising results. The principle was borrowed from the *Maison de Force* at Ghent, where, as at Auburn, the convicts are confined in separate cells during the night, and made to work during the day in classes, and under a prohibition to speak. This plan is so manifest an improvement upon the old practice of crowding prisoners together, day and night, without employment, or any restriction but bolts and bars, that it was at first very popular. But its credit is constantly giving way before the experience of the Separate System. There are evils in it too strong to be overcome; and so obvious and indisputable, that the conductors of prisons on the Silent System in America themselves acknowledge that they had rather organise their establishments on the Philadelphia plan, if they could.

The prisoners at Auburn pass the night in cells arranged almost like the cells in a bee-hive—row built above row to a considerable height—with galleries running round the front. From the sickly appearance of the inmates, it would seem that these cells are not well ventilated; and indeed ventilation must be difficult under such a plan of construction. Yet communication by speech is not prevented. The prisoners converse through the air-pipes, and the great principle of the establishment is thus nightly violated. In the morning, the inmates are roused by a bell. They wash in the pail of water each carried into his cell with him overnight, and, at another call of the bell, range themselves in the gallery, and march to their work. They work in the shops and sheds erected for the purpose in the yards, retiring for their meals, twice during the day, and in the evening taking their suppers with them to their cells.

The prisoners are employed in making clocks, combs, shoes, machinery, furniture, and carpets, and

in stone-cutting, weaving, and tailoring. The little town of Auburn is full of contractors who supply the materials for all these works, and purchase the product. Absolute silence is required from the convicts, though they sit side by side all day long for weeks, months, or years together: and to enforce this silence, a spy system is established, which serves the purpose of disgusting and exasperating the prisoners, without realising the object desired. In the back walls of the workshops there are narrow slits, through which the prisoners are watched by spies in the passage behind. These spies wear moccasins, that their steps may not be heard: and information from them of any attempt to converse, brings down the lash upon the back of the offenders.

I am confident that little reformation can be looked for under this system. The spy system is abominable, under whatever light it is viewed. It is the deepest of insults; and if there be a case rather than another in which insult is to be avoided, it is where reformation is desired. The great point to be gained with the criminal is to regenerate self-respect. A virtuous man may preserve his self-respect under the eyes of a spy (though even he is in some danger), but a morally infirm man can never thus acquire it. Arrangements should be made for his safe custody and harmless outward conduct, and then he should be left to himself.

And what is the purpose of this spying? of the loop-holes to peep through, and the moccasins which are to make the tread of the spies as stealthy as that of a cat? To detect talking; talking subjecting a man to the lash. Talking is an innocent act; and, in the case of men secluded from the world and their families, and all that has hitherto interested them, an unavoidable act. They ought to talk, and they do, in spite of spies, the governor, and the whip. They learn to murmur intelligibly behind their teeth, without moving the lips, and to take advantage of the briefest instants when the superintendent turns his back. It is surprising that reformation can be looked for from men who, convicted of grave crimes, have the prohibition to speak set up before their minds as the chief circumstance and interest of their lives, for five, seven, or ten years. Their interest in it makes it the chief circumstance. They feel that they are incessantly transgressing the laws of the prison in doing an act from which they cannot refrain, and which is in itself innocent: and this feeling cannot but be destructive of any conscientiousness which retribution may be generating in them. The results of the attempts at a Silence System at home, evince the badness of the principle. The Inspectors of Prisons of Great Britain report:—"In the prison of Coldbath Fields, in which the Silent System is believed to have been brought to the greatest degree of perfection, under the management of a highly intelligent and able governor, who has at his command every possible advantage for working the system, there were in the year 1836 no less than five thousand one hundred and thirty-eight punishments for talking and swearing."

It is clear that the true way to prevent evil communication is to render it impossible; and not to tantalise the convict with perpetual opportunity, and then punish him for using it.

The publicity under this system is of two kinds—both highly injurious. The convict is a spectacle to visitors who go to see him as part of a show, and to his fellow-sufferers. Nothing can well be more disgusting than the sight of the finishing of the day's work and the housing for the night at Auburn. The governor saw into my mind, and explained that he disapproved of strangers being allowed to be present at all this; but that American citizens would not be debarred from witnessing the operation of any thing which they had decreed. This is right enough: the evil lies in there being any such spectacle to witness. The prisoners are ranged in companies for the march from the workshops into the prison. Each fills his pail and carries it, and takes up his can with his supper as he passes the kitchen; and when I was there, this was done in the presence of staring and amused strangers, who looked down smiling from the portico. Some of the prisoners turned their heads every possible way to avoid meeting our eyes, and were in an agony of shame; while the blacks, who, from their social degradation, have little ideas of shame, and who are remarkable for exaggeration in all they do, figured away ridiculously in the march, stamping and gesticulating as if they were engaged in a game at romps. I do not know which extreme was the most painful to witness. It is certain that no occasion should be afforded for either; that men should not be ignominiously paraded because they are guilty.

The exposure of the sufferers to each other is cruel while it lasts, and disastrous in its consequences. The countenances of the convicts betoken extreme anxiety; and no wonder. They must be very wretched. While denied the forgetfulness of themselves and their miseries, which they might enjoy in free conversation, they are forbidden the repose and the shelter from shame which are the privileges of solitary confinement. Every movement reminds them that they are in disgrace: a multitude of eyes—the eyes of the wicked—is ever upon them: they can neither live to themselves nor to society, and self-respect is rendered next to impossible. A man must be either hardened, or restless and wretched, under such circumstances; and the facts at Auburn plainly indicate this.

The being known among his own class to have been a convict, is commonly an insuperable bar to the sufferer's future respectability. Such recommitments as have taken place at Auburn, have been chiefly owing to the recognition of the convict as having been there before. One man who had left in a full determination to lead an honest life, was actually hunted back into the prison by men who had been there with him. He first got employment as a journeyman tailor in New York, and was beginning to enjoy his respectability when an old felon called on him, and said that if he would not join in a burglary scheme, he should be deprived of his work. He had no intention of resuming his old way of life, and, unwilling to lose his good name where he was known in New York, he slipped away, and got employment in Philadelphia. He hoped he was now safe: but one of his persecutors one day passed the window where he was at work, and nodded to him. Again he removed, on finding that they meant to have him or ruin him, and went to some other place. They traced all his motions; and at last so ruined his character that he was deprived of bread, and at their mercy. He wept on re-entering the prison, and said it was his only refuge.

I saw in the Philadelphia prison a man who had been educated for a profession, and had abundance of ability. He had early in life committed a forgery, and undergone, in publicity, the term of imprisonment for his offence. On its expiration, he went into the west, married respectably, and settled himself in Ohio as a schoolmaster. He was maintaining himself and his wife in comfort, paying all his bills, and enjoying the confidence of his neighbours, when he suddenly lost all his scholars. Some traveller had spread through the settlement the news of his early offence. He was deprived of the means of bread, and driven by want to pass counterfeit coin. As an old offender, he was sentenced to a long term; and, when I saw him, owned, with a few tears, that he shrank from the prospect of ten years' separate imprisonment while he ought to have been pursuing his occupation in freedom and peace in Ohio. I fear he is almost past the chance of being restored—his case is so public: whereas, if he had been in the first instance secluded, he might now have been a decent and useful member of society. He looked nervous and anxious; and I felt that he had been deeply injured, whatever might have been his offences. He was constituted the apothecary of the establishment, and passed much of his time besides in reading, and in cutting paper for the toyshops. For him, life is a failure; and in him society has worse than lost a man.

When I was at Auburn, the arrangements for the women were extremely bad: but the governor needed no convincing of this, and hoped for a speedy improvement. The women were all in one large room, sewing. The attempt to enforce silence had long been given up as hopeless: and the gabble of tongues among the few inmates was enough to paralyse any matron. Some rather hopeful-looking girls were side by side with old offenders of their own colour, and with some most brutish-looking black women. There was an engine in sight, which made me doubt the evidence of my own eyes—stocks of a terrible construction; a chair, with a fastening for the head, and for all the limbs. Any bedlam ought to be ashamed of such an instrument. The governor liked it no better than his visitors; but he pleaded that it was his only means of keeping his refractory prisoners quiet, while he was allowed only one room to put them all into. I hope these stocks have been used for firewood long before this. The first principle in the management of the guilty seems to me to be to treat them as men and women; which they were before they were guilty, and will be when they are no longer so, and while they are in the midst of it all. Their humanity is the principal thing about them; their guilt is a temporary state. The insane are first men, and secondly diseased men; and in a due consideration of this order of things lies the main secret of the successful treatment of such. The drunkard is first a man, and secondly a man with a peculiar weakness. The convict is, in like manner, first a man, and then a sinner. Now, there is something in the isolation of the convict which tends to keep this order of considerations right in the mind of his guardians. The warden and his prisoner converse like two men when they are face to face: but when the keeper watches a hundred men herded together in virtue of the one characteristic of their being criminals, the guilt becomes the prominent circumstance, and there is an end of the brotherly faith in each to which each must mainly owe his cure. This, in our human weakness, is the great evil attendant upon the good of collecting together sufferers under any particular physical or moral evil. Visitors are shy of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and insane, when they see them all together, while they would feel little or nothing of this shyness if they met each sufferer in the bosom of his own family. In the one case, the infirmity, defying sympathy, is the prominent circumstance: in the other, not. It follows from this that such an association of prisoners as that at Auburn, must be more difficult to reform, more difficult to do the States' duty by, than any number or kind of criminals who are classed by some other characteristic, or not classed at all.

The wonderfully successful friend of criminals, Captain Pillsbury, of the Weathersfield prison (Connecticut), has worked on this principle, and owes his success to it. Some anecdotes of his power over the guilty have been given in this Journal (No. 324, p. 90). What he has effected without the advantages of separation of prisoners, might be done under a good system by guardians of far inferior merit.

Finally, the great advantages of the Separate System of imprisonment appear to be these. The best part of the sufferer's mind is presented to be acted upon by his guardians. Those guardians may be, like the turnkeys in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, men of honest and simple minds and kindly hearts, unpractised in the ways of the old prisons. The convict is preserved from the evil influences of vicious companionship, of shame within the prison walls, and of degradation when he comes out. When these facts are fully considered, it seems clear that no system of secondary punishment has yet been devised that can be compared with this.

It is by the request of some who entertain this conviction, that the anecdotes told in these papers have been repeated here, after having been in part communicated to the public through other channels. To those who have watched the results of the Separate System, fairly tried, it appears that those results cannot be too strongly dwelt upon, or too widely made known.

THE INVALID OF ALICANT,

A TRUE STORY.

"Who is that most interesting pair?" said I to a friend, as we paced slowly along one of the most retired portions of the public walk or alameda at Alicante. As I spoke, I pointed to two persons, who had for some minutes past rivetted my whole attention. These were a gentleman and lady, both extremely young, the first being seemingly little more than twenty, and his companion still considerably under it. The customary order in which the sexes usually walk together, was in this case reversed. The gentleman leant upon the lady's arm, and, in truth, his looks betokened greatly the want of support. He was sadly emaciated in person, and his countenance, though it appeared ever to bear a smile for her by his side, had entirely lost the hue of health and strength. Yet his pale features and wasted figure were still full of beauty and elegance; and one could see, that, if unaffected by illness, or restored to convalescence, his form would be a model of manly grace. The youthful lady on whose arm his own rested, was also of most attractive appearance; but the most captivating point about her was the deep interest and constant attention she showed towards her invalid companion. She hung upon his every look, watched avoidingly every little inequality of ground, and seemed, in short, as if she would fain have prevented the winds of heaven from visiting his face too roughly.

Such were they who arrested my eye on the walk at Alicante, and respecting whom I put the question "Who is this interesting pair?" to the lady who was my companion. That lady was the wife of an English gentleman, resident for many years at Alicante, and who was well acquainted with the society of the place, as well as with its manners and customs. She looked at the gentleman and lady to whom I directed her notice, and immediately exclaimed, "Ah, my dear friend, your eye has indeed alighted on an object of real interest. That is no common pair, and their story is no common one." "Then, I pray, let me hear it, if it is in your power to do so," said I, still following with my eye the slow onward motions of the pale invalid and his fair supporter. "All Alicante can tell the story, as you would soon have learned had you been longer here," returned my companion; "yet few, I believe, know the particulars so fully as I myself do; a circumstance arising from my being acquainted with a most intimate friend of the unfortunate gentleman whom you have now seen. Turn aside to this shaded seat below the lime-tree, and you shall hear the story." I obeyed my kind friend, though still glancing after the objects of my sympathy—and not of mine only, for I could plainly see that every passing group on the walks cast on them looks of the deepest respect and pity.

"The worn and wasted figure whom you have looked on with so much interest," began my companion, when we had seated ourselves, "was but a very few years ago the gayest and most admired of the officers of the First Royal Horse Regiment, stationed at Valencia. Signor Cazalla, for such was his designation, had distinguished himself almost in boyhood in Ferdinand's service, and, having the advantages of birth and family to back him, rose, by the time he was twenty, to the rank of colonel. Shortly afterwards, his duties brought him to Alicante, not far from which his family lived. In Alicante, where he found both friends and relatives, he mingled freely with the society of the place, and won the love and respect of all, by his personal qualities and winning manners. His friends wished him to marry, but the individual whom they selected for him, though young and beautiful, was not she towards whom his affections tended. He had been but a short time in Alicante, when he saw and loved a young lady, a member of one of the first and wealthiest families of the place. Baltazara Perez was perhaps the most perfect specimen that could be any where seen of true Spanish beauty—a lustrous, glowing daughter of the south, with

features charmingly formed, and an eye dark and reflective as a pool by night. In the favourite national dance, where her exquisite, though almost girlish proportions were finely displayed, Baltazara was first seen and admired by Cazalla. Observing her afterwards to be addressed by Don Pedro de Rivar, a gentleman whom he knew, the colonel seized the opportunity, and gained an introduction through the medium of this acquaintance. He danced with the young beauty, talked with her, and loved her.

Opportunities frequently occurred afterwards, in the course of the assemblies and parties of the town, for the confirmation of the colonel's passion, as far as such a circumstance depended on the mere sight of the object in the company of others. But it was a much more difficult matter to obtain any chance of private conversation. The parents of Baltazara received few visitors, although they did not forbid the junior members of their family from appearing in public. Yet, though the colonel could see the object of his love only in crowds, he saw enough of her to give him some hopes that she was not insensible to his attentions. His anxious eye was ever comparing her conduct to himself with her behaviour to others, and in spite of all his fears, he could not help believing that she distinguished him from the host of flatterers around her. This encouraged him to hope, and to make his manner more and more expressive of his feelings; for it was by his manner alone, under the circumstances, that he could express them. He observed no displeasure, but the reverse, in consequence. At length he ventured to seize a favourable chance of revealing his passion in whispered words, and though no return was made in the same way, he had the delight of being satisfied that his meaning, while undeniably understood, was by no means distasteful to Baltazara Perez.

I am thus particular, my dear friend, in detailing these circumstances, because they bear sadly upon the sequel of the story." I interrupted the recital here. "Tell me one thing," said I, "for my curiosity can be no longer restrained on the point. Was the lady whom we saw supporting Cazalla, Baltazara Perez?" "She was not," replied my friend. "Psha!" muttered I, "the old story. A case of jilting—and a broken heart! And that must have been merely his sister; I see it all!" "You see it not; you cruelly wrong the sex by these words," said my friend, with some asperity; "this is a tale for *man* to blush at, but for woman to glory in. However, pray let me go on. I had told you that Cazalla became at length satisfied that his passion was returned by Baltazara, and he resolved to bring matters to an issue. But this was no easy task. He had never visited at the house of Baltazara's parents, and the strange etiquette of Spanish life prevents the lover, if he appears acknowledged in that character, till accepted and affianced, from having domestic interviews with his mistress. Colonel Cazalla wished to know Baltazara's mind decisively, and in this emergency he bethought himself of using the services of a friend, the same Don Pedro de Rivar already mentioned, who was intimate with the father and family of the object of Cazalla's affection. Don Pedro was a man of middle age, one who had long led a loose single life. He had ever courted the society of Cazalla, and professed a great friendship for him. As de Rivar was a man of birth, mixed in the best society, and bore a fair character with the world, Cazalla had not repelled his advances. To this personage the colonel had now recourse. "My dear Don Pedro," said he when he had got de Rivar seated, by invitation, at his table, "you can do me a great, an unappreciable favour. 'You have but to name it, colonel, and, if practicable, it is done.' 'I love Baltazara Perez,' returned Cazalla, succeeding by an effort in opening the business which lay at his heart. 'This is no secret, colonel,' replied Don Pedro; 'no secret at least to me.' 'Others, I am certain, have no idea of it,' said the colonel, somewhat startled; 'you must have observed closely, de Rivar.' 'I am a friend of the family,' returned Don Pedro hastily, 'and of course —.' 'And it is because you are a friend of the family,' interrupted the young colonel, 'that I now speak to you of this. I love Baltazara; I hope—nay, I have the blessed belief that she loves me also; but it is through you that I trust to become assured of it beyond all doubt, and to make her mine.' The ice thus broken, the lover found no difficulty in detailing all his wishes.

Don Pedro de Rivar promised ultimately to do all that the ardent and ingenuous lover required. He engaged to seek an interview with Baltazara Perez, to make an unreserved declaration of Cazalla's passion for her, and to bear back to him the lady's reply. Confident almost, from the feelings he conceived her to have evinced towards him, that the answer of his mistress would be favourable, and such, in short, as would permit him to avow his passion openly, and make advances for their union, Colonel Cazalla saw Don Pedro depart after the interview, with elation and hope. He knew that the stayed age of de Rivar, and his intimacy with the family, would render it an easy task for him to procure the desired interview with Baltazara. And that interview Don Pedro did obtain. But most unlooked-for was the result. When the emissary returned, he announced to the lover that Baltazara had rejected his suit with haughty scorn. Don Pedro declared himself to have pled warmly, but without any other effect than producing reiterated expressions of contempt. The lady's last words, he

said, were, 'The suit and the suitor I alike scorn and despise.' It would be difficult to describe the shock which Cazalla received at this news. The blow was the more stunning because truly unexpected. The unsuccessful messenger attempted to console the lover, but the colonel could only wring his friend's hand, and entreat to be left alone. When he was in solitude, it is possible that the assurance which he felt of Baltazara's having, tacitly at least, encouraged his passion, might have led him actually to doubt the reality of all that he had been told, had not an unfortunate piece of evidence presented itself in corroboration of the statement of Don Pedro. Previously to having recourse to the aid of that individual, Cazalla, ever occupied with the attempt to discover a mode of corresponding with the object of his love, had been tempted to endeavour to effect his purpose through one of the servants of the family. This personage fell in his way immediately after he had seen Don Pedro, and unhappily was enabled to confirm the latter's statement, by having overheard the last words of Baltazara, 'The suit and the suitor I alike scorn and despise.' Though this corroboration was scarcely needed, it confirmed Cazalla's despair. He thought the circumstances clear beyond doubt, and, still mindful of the encouragement he conceived himself to have received, he concluded Baltazara Perez to be a 'coquette—a heartless, worthless flirt.' The issue was—although he struggled against it with his whole strength of mind—that for a time he was an inmate of his chamber and bed.

His friends gathered around him, and when he recovered partly from the shock, he tacitly and almost passively followed their advice and wishes, and became the wedded husband of Donna Inez, the young lady whom they had previously chosen for him. Before he had met Baltazara, he had seen much of this lady, having at the time something of the feeling of Juliet,

'I'll look to like, if looking liking move.'

Though the sight of Baltazara had utterly banished the idea of Inez from his mind, yet from her mind the impression left by him had not fled so readily, and it was with deep though silent joy that she became his wife, trusting, by the depth of her loving kindness, to remove the cloud that seemed to hang upon his brow. Such were the circumstances under which this union took place.

The irrevocable step had not been many weeks taken, and the married pair were living at a short distance from Alicante, when common report brought into their circle the intelligence that Baltazara Perez was ill—not expected long to live. Cazalla could not hear of the circumstance without agitation, though he was far from dreaming of the whole truth. But he did learn it. While alone one day in his dwelling, he was surprised by the announcement of a visitor—and that visitor the father of Baltazara. The old man was usually calm and grave in deportment, but on this occasion there was also a stern sadness in his manner. "Colonel Cazalla," said he, disregarding the seat offered to him by the colonel, "my child—I need not say which—is ill—dying. Her mother's prayers have at length wrung from her the secret that has blighted her young heart, and is bringing her to the grave. You, sir, professed to love her, won her whole affections, and then—left her to die!" "Hold, sir," exclaimed the colonel, "this is an error! There has been, if you speak truth, an awful, a killing mistake!" "Are you not now the husband of another?" resumed the old man. "But I come not to reproach you with vain words; nor shall I, or kinsman of mine, lift hand against you. I have but told you what has been the result of your conduct. If you have the heart of a human being in your bosom, the knowledge that you have taken from her parents the sweetest, the most dutiful —, The father could not continue, and was about to turn abruptly away, when Cazalla exclaimed, "For the love of heaven, stay and hear me, old man! This is error—madness! Baltazara cast me off—scorned me and my love, ere I wedded another! Pedro de Rivar, your own and your family's friend, bore to your daughter the open avowal of an affection, which had been often before evinced by look and manner. Had the answer been other than it was, I should then have addressed myself to you; but Baltazara rejected and despised me." "Pedro de Rivar!" said Perez; "he sought and obtained, I know well, an interview with my child, but it was to proffer his own hand, nor did we blame her for rejecting it. Your words, young man, may be true —." "They are too true," cried the colonel, pacing the apartment in a state of agony. "Oh fool that I was to believe in the inconstancy of one so sweet, so lovely—I have been miserably duped, and now your daughter and myself—and others also—are irretrievably lost and wretched, through the arts of a villain—a treacherous villain, whom I was a madman to trust!"

Cazalla's distraction was too plainly sincere to allow the father of Baltazara to entertain any further doubt of his fidelity, or of the wickedness of de Rivar. Painful as the subject was, a full explanation took place, and when they parted, it was on terms of sad and strange friendship, and with the understanding, felt rather than expressed, that the truth should be explained to her who had suffered most from the grievous misconception. For some time afterwards the colonel remained buried in grief; but rage at the villain who had deceived him, by degrees gained the ascendancy over more depressing

feelings, and restored him for the time to his wonted energies. Avoiding the sight of his poor wife, he left his house, mounted his horse, and took the way to Alicante, determined to wring the truth from the wretch's heart. He was not long in finding Don Pedro, and in explaining his business. The heartless hardened traitor only laughed at the charge. "How could you be so silly, colonel," said he sneeringly, "as to imagine I would take the trouble to plead any man's cause? I loved the girl myself, and for myself I spoke." "Wretch!" exclaimed Cazalla, "why then accept the trust which I was mad enough to give you?" "Oh, my good colonel, all stratagems, you know, are fair in love. I never had confidence, I confess, to speak my mind till I saw you coming forward." "Draw, infamous villain," cried the colonel, almost exasperated to madness, "draw, if you would not be beat like a dog on the public walk!" Don Pedro retained his coolness. "There is no occasion for that, colonel. Only let us retire a little way, where we may be more comfortable." They did so, and fought.

On that night Colonel Cazalla was conveyed to his home, wounded in the chest by the sword of his adversary. Don Pedro also was wounded, and much more seriously to appearance. But, alas! the colonel's proved the more permanent injury. His unfortunate lady was rendered almost frantic by the event, which she understood only to arise from a casual quarrel. For many months Cazalla lay on a bed of sickness. Ere he arose, Baltazara Perez was in her grave! Though ignorant of her father's intent to visit Cazalla, which maidenly pride could not have permitted her to sanction, she blessed the occurrence afterwards, when it proved the means of assuring her of her lover's unbroken faith and truth. But it could not avert her doom. Consumption had laid its withering hand upon her, and she sank into the tomb, happy, and breathing wishes of happiness for Cazalla and those around her. Of the encounter of the colonel with de Rivar, and its consequences, she died in ignorance.

Nearly two years," continued my friend, "have passed since that event. Cazalla still lives, but his lungs sustained a fatal injury by the wound, and he is wasting away by degrees. Nothing, in truth, but the unparalleled care and devotion of his wife could have so prolonged his days. That matchless creature has long known the whole truth from her husband's own lips, but the disclosure changed not her feelings towards him. He tells her now that he would fain live for her sake; but it is obvious, nevertheless, that the expected approach of death gives him no pain. Alas! for that wretched deception. Three of the noblest-hearted beings that ever breathed, fated to perish by it! For Inez lives only on her husband's looks; her whole soul is bound up in him; and when the thread of his existence snaps, hers is too closely entwined with it to sustain the shock. Surely, surely these three unfortunates will yet be happy together in a world to come!"

A silence of some minutes followed this recital. "And the scoundrel—the villain—" said I, after a long breath. "Don Pedro de Rivar recovered, and still lives. Many of the friends of Perez and Cazalla would have again called him to account, but both the colonel and the old man forbade it. And they have done well to leave him to his own feelings and public odium. For, though he long endeavoured to brave the matter out, he found it impossible ultimately to endure the aversion and hatred of all around him. He has been compelled to shut himself up in his house, and there lives almost a prisoner. Men will scarcely even take his money for the necessities of life, much less associate with him." "It is a deplorable condition," said I, "but who can pity him?"

THE YEAR 1800.

We lately received the following letter:—

Coventry, 10th November 1838.

Gentlemen—A question, which many persons may consider a very trifling one, has lately led to a great deal of discussion in this neighbourhood, and a good deal of money has been betted by persons of opposing opinions on the subject. This is whether the year we commonly call 1800 belongs to the eighteenth or nineteenth century? The researches made here upon the subject have not been considered sufficient to settle the question, as we have no means of access to original authorities, and some of those seem to be contradictory. Two editors of London papers were therefore written to, whose opinion was to decide the bet, if not the opinions, of the two parties, and it is very consoling to us to find that our own ignorance is equalled by that of one of these gentlemen, for the decisions of the two are exactly contrary to each other. This, of course, has confirmed each party in his former opinion; and as arguments and bets have been renewed upon the subject, we have determined to refer to some authority whose learning and talent should leave no doubt of the correctness of his decision; and as you have been considered by all parties as persons more competent than any others connected with public literature to place the matter on such a light as will leave no doubt on the mind of any one, we have taken the liberty of requesting that you will give us your opinion, either by private letter, or in the pages of your Journal. We have thought, that, as your Journal is particularly devoted to the diffusion of popular knowledge, a paper illustrating a subject on which evidently a great deal of ignorance exists, might not be foreign to its objects. Trusting that you will pardon any appearance of intrusiveness in

such a request, I beg leave to subscribe myself, gentlemen, your very obedient servant,

Being duly impressed with a sense of the importance of the question involved in this letter, and anxious to relieve the ancient city of Coventry from all anxiety on the subject, we have taken it into serious consideration, and here pronounce our grave opinion upon it. There can, we think, be no reasonable doubt that the first year of the Christian era was the year 1. It was not 0; it was most certainly 1, just as the twelve months ensuing upon a child's birth is the first year of its age. The first century, then, beginning with 1, must have terminated with the year 100—not with 99, for that would have made it consist of one year too little. The second century accordingly began with 101, and ended with 200. The third, in like manner, began with 201, and ended with 300. And so on till we come to the eighteenth, which began with 1701, and ended with 1800. Consequently, the year 1800 was a part of the eighteenth century, and such we have always heard it called by intelligent and reflecting persons. At twelve o'clock midnight on the 31st of December 1800, the eighteenth century terminated, and the 1st of January 1801, which immediately followed, was the commencement of the nineteenth century. The mere circumstance of the figure 8 being employed in the year 1800, while 7 is employed in other years of the eighteenth century, does nothing to affect the case. Yet this is what alone has occasioned and gives countenance to the supposition that 1800 belongs to the present century. Individuals who think so should be asked to look beyond the external appearances of things.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

BROEK.

BEYOND Amsterdam, in a northerly direction, there is no town of any particular interest in Holland, and we had resolved to return thence to Rotterdam by way of Utrecht and Gouda, with the view of proceeding on our journey up the Rhine. While at Amsterdam, however, we were persuaded to cross the Ai to see the great ship canal which leads to the sea at Helder, and to make an excursion a few miles farther to the village of Broek or Brook.

The Ai, opposite Amsterdam, is a fine firth-looking channel of brackish water, pretty nearly a mile in breadth, communicating, as formerly explained, with the Zuyder Zee a few miles to the east. Like the Mersey at Liverpool, or the Clyde at Greenock, the Ai affords deep water close up to the quays and wharfs, and floats vessels into the grachts or street-harbours of Amsterdam. The open channel is, it seems, liable to extreme agitation from certain winds, by which the waves are dashed with much fury against the projecting quays. To lessen the chances of damage from these storms, the whole shore for a good distance within the water is stuck with rows of strong wooden piles, which break the force of the angry waves as they roll towards the land. These stakes, or booms as they are termed, serve another purpose, which none but Dutchmen can appreciate. A number of them form foundations for quays or pathways erected over the water, and on these are placed rows of wooden pavilions or summer-houses, the property of citizens who come hither to smoke their pipes and sip their coffee in the fine summer evenings. There is nothing, of course, to be seen from their windows but the flat opposite coast of the Ai, the heaving of the wide expanse of water, or the ferry-boat going to and fro on its trips; but these form sufficient materials of enjoyment to the quiet Hollander, when accompanied with fresh air, and the occasional sight of richly laden vessels issuing from the Helder canal.

A projecting pier from the Haring Pakkery quay, permits the most commodious embarkation on board the ferry-boat, which resembles a steam-vessel in outward appearance, but has its paddles moved by several horses, which walk round in the hold as if turning a mill. We descended by a ladder to take a view of the poor animals which were thus condemned to spend their lives in a floating dungeon; they seemed in good condition, and had paved stalls close by their circular tramp, with a plentiful supply of fresh clover in their mangers. The movement of the vessel is slow by this clumsy mode of propulsion; but as nobody is ever in a hurry in Holland, it is quick enough for all purposes. The reader will now be so kind as follow us across the Ai, and land with us in North Holland, as the district is locally named. The country, which is bare and exceedingly uninteresting, forms a peninsula, bounded on the east by the Zuyder Zee, and on the west by the ocean, and it is through the whole length of the peninsula that the famous ship canal is carried. Landing at a ferry-house, we found the opening of the canal adjacent, with its huge gates forming a lock to let vessels down from the summit level to the Ai. Before

this canal was formed, vessels reached Amsterdam by means of the Zuyder Zee, which is full of sandbanks, particularly at its entrance, and in which ships were frequently detained for weeks, on account of contrary winds. To overcome these obstacles, the canal was begun in 1819, and finished, in 1825, at an expense of £.850,000. Its length is nearly 52 English miles; its breadth 125 feet at the surface, and 38 feet at bottom; and its depth 20 feet 9 inches. Traversing a perfectly flat country, it has no locks except at its extremities, and is of such magnitude that two frigates or the largest merchant vessels can pass each other. There is a towing-path for horses on each side, and about eighteen hours are required to perform the voyage from Amsterdam to the ocean. As a commercial speculation, I understand the canal is paying as badly as our Caledonian Canal; but its service to the shipping of Amsterdam is incalculable, and without it the town must have sunk into comparative insignificance.

Having hired a vehicle and driver at a neat village on the way, we sped on our journey without delay or inconvenience. The country around was green and pastoral; herds of black and white spotted cattle browsed in the polders, and at short intervals we passed trim-looking farm-houses and cottages, whose inhabitants seem exclusively devoted to the preparing of dairy produce. The land is here more than usually marshy; but this, though unfitting it for agriculture, is not disadvantageous for cattle-feeding, as there is a saltish quality in the pasture which renders it nourishing and acceptable to animals. All the houses which we saw were formed of wooden boards nailed on posts, and these rested on a foundation of brick; for so soft is the ground, that if the edifices were reared of brick entirely, and not secured by piles, they would sink below the surface. The general aspect of the people and of the villages in this quarter, is somewhat different from what we had previously seen. They have a dash of old-fashionedness about them that has disappeared in the south. The houses are preserved in a state of fastidious cleanliness, and all look as if just come from under the brush of the painter. Walls, chimneys, window boards, and palings, flourish in green, yellow, and white paint; and in one place we observed that even the trees round a horse paddock were painted as high as the branches. No part of Holland has fallen so much from a condition of commercial prosperity as this district; the towns, of which Alkmaar is the chief, are only the ghosts of what they were, while the inhabitants continue to cling with fondness to customs which are associated in their minds with all that is excellent and respectable, and hold in contempt the usages of a new order of things.*

A pleasant drive of about an hour on the road which for a certain distance pursues the line of the canal, brought us to Broek, the limit of our journey. Passing a small lake or pond on our left, on the farther side of which stands the village, the vehicle stopped at a little inn by the wayside, kept by a middle-aged woman, whose head was embellished with gold plates

* Mr Macgregor, who visited this part of Holland in 1835, thus enumerates its principal towns:—"Alkmaar is the largest town, and the rallying point for the great cattle, butter, and cheese trade of the country. It was once famous for its breweries and its cloths. It has now only a few canvass manufactures, and some rope and salt works. Helder, on which Napoleon spent some millions [of francs] to render it a strongly fortified and great naval station of the northern squadron of the Dutch navy, is, with its dockyard and arsenal, a place of great consequence, from being that by which ships enter and depart from the canal of Amsterdam. The towns in North Holland, if we are to credit what is recorded of their former manufactures and commerce, have greatly declined in both. Middelblik [on the Zuyder Zee], from which the finest ships were fitted out for Guinea, and which carried on a very extensive commerce with various parts of the world, has now scarcely any foreign trade. Ekhuyzen [also on the Zuyder Zee], which had four hundred vessels sailing annually from its port to the deep-sea fishery, has at present not fifty, and the population has diminished one half. Hoorn [also on the Zuyder Zee], once so famous for its dockyards, herring-fishery, and extensive commerce, is now reduced to a town dealing only in the cheese and butter of the country, and in importing cattle and grain from Denmark. Edam [also on the Zuyder Zee], in which nearly the whole fleet of admiral de Ruyter was built, and which had formerly a great whale-fishery, carries on now a humble cheese trade."—*My Note Book.* To this list may be added Saardam, on the Zuyder Zee, once a considerable port, at which ship-building was carried on to some extent. Here Peter the Great of Russia wrought for a few days while acquiring the craft of a ship-carpenter. Being incommoded by the number of persons who came to see him, he removed to Amsterdam, and wrought for some time in the ship-building yard of the Dutch East India Company. The cottage in which he lived at Saardam is still preserved with much care, being encased to preserve it from the weather.

in the approved North Friesland fashion. Broek has no carriage-way through it; so we alighted, and crossing a wooden bridge, set out on our exploratory excursion, determining to see all that could be seen in this curious specimen of a genuine old-fashioned Dutch village. Broek may be described in two ways—gravely or ironically; it may be portrayed as an earthly paradise, or as a laughable toy. Its character is so ambiguous, that I had some little difficulty in making it out. Let the reader imagine a wide flat swampy country, full of pools of water, and intersected in all directions with wet ditches, pretty nearly full to the brim, and mantled over with beautiful light green duck-weed. Let him then picture to himself, as placed in the midst of the swamp, on the north margin of one of the pools, a confused cluster of houses, mingled with gardens, having a spire rising from the centre, and parcels of trees here and there interspersed. Such is Broek in its external aspect. In its internal organisation, no kind of regularity has been preserved. The pathway of entrance leads in all manner of zig-zags—among the houses, across wooden bridges, up lanes and down lanes, and along the winding margin of the pool or lake, so as to form a complete labyrinth. All the houses are of wood or plaster, based upon two or three rows of brick, and are of different heights and various scales of magnificence, from the humble cot of one story, to the elegant mansion of three stories. Most of them stand within, or close by, little flower gardens, which bloom in great beauty, and show clusters of shrubs, sunflowers, and dahlias, along the trimly kept borders. It is impossible to conceive any thing more gaudy than the exterior of the dwellings. On some, painting and gilding have done their utmost—doors and window-shutters in pea-green, the wooden walls a fresh white or cream colour, door-steps yellow, garden gateway green and tipped with gold, and ornaments on the door also highly gilded. These may be considered the mansions of the aristocracy of the village. The cottages lining the pathways are less dazzling, but all are painted in some way, and it must require no small degree of attention and expenset to keep them "pretty." The pathways are not less the object of solicitude. They are paved entirely with small bricks, and in front of some of the houses the bricks are set in figures, such as stars, in different colours—brick Mosaic, as some tourist has waggishly called it. The odd thing about the place is, that you do not see any body, and that the greater part of the houses seem shut up; the window-shutters are closed, the front door fixed, and all is as silent as a desert. Turning round the corner of an alley, we encountered the dominie or clergyman of the village; and how much of a piece was he with the locality! His three-cornered cocked hat, sleek black court dress, and buckled shoes, were hailed as a vision of bygone times, which we thought we had long since seen the last of; and his courteous recognition in passing confirmed us in the lingering belief that there was somehow a connection between cocked hats and a certain kind of gentlemanly manners which one does not see in these days of round brims and shoe-ties.

The church, which we next entered, is an old building of venerable aspect, furnished with dark oak seating, much in the style of a village church in England, and remarkable from the number of substantial quarto Bibles, garnished with antique brass clasps, dispersed on the benches. The walls are hung with two or three pictures, which are not very creditable to the fine arts in Broek, and an inscription mentions that the edifice was burnt by the Spaniards in the course of their destructive campaigns in the country.

From the church we proceeded to the farthest extremity of the village, to see the garden and pleasure grounds, lately the property of Mr Baaker, but now, I believe, of Mr Virbeek, whose elegant painted and gilt mansion stands in front of the domain. The grounds, which are several acres in extent, are laid out partly in the old Dutch style of gardening, and partly in that of the modern English, which is becoming prevalent in Holland, and superseding the fantastic trimness of former fashions. Walks wind among parterres of flowers, through shrubberies, and across little canals and painted bridges, so as to bring every point conspicuously into view. The contrivances of the original proprietor are in some cases amusingly absurd. In making a sudden turn at a bridge, we are startled by the dressed-up figure of a gamekeeper with his gun, sitting watchfully in a recess. Next, we are expected to be surprised on observing a painted figure of the dominie, who appears sitting reading in a Grecian temple, which overhangs a pond ornamented with a wooden swan. Lastly, to complete the coup de théâtre, we are ushered into a thatched cottage, in which an aged dame is spinning, her not less ancient spouse reeling off the thread, and a dog on the ground barking, as may be supposed, at the intrusion of the strangers. The clock-work which moves the various dramatic persons is exhibited behind the wooden bed, and seems a piece of elaborate mechanism. Hastening away from these drolleries, and the pleasure-grounds which enclose them, we were conducted at our desire to one of the principal dairies in Broek. The establishment to which we were introduced has been described as possessing extraordinary claims to attention on account of its cleanliness; and one traveller, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, states, that the very stalls for the cows are decorated with china, and that the boards on which

the animals repose are as bright as the floor of a parlour. At the risk of upsetting some of the romance of these flowery descriptions, I offer a simple account of the nature and appearance of the famous Broek dairy.

The dairies of the Dutch are all pretty much on one plan. Each consists of a house, of great length and breadth, of one story. The stalls for the cows run along one side of the building; another side is devoted to the business of churning, salting, cheese-pressing, and so forth; and the remainder of the interior forms the dwelling of the dairyman and his family. This dwelling is of course not large, and consists frequently of only two apartments—a kitchen with beds in it, and an inner room, or, as the Scotch would term them, a but and a ben. By arrangements of this kind, both the cows and the human beings enter at one outer door, and the dwelling of the family is in fact a part of the cowhouse. In entering dairies of this description, you may see a considerable part of the domestic menage at a glance; and it need excite no surprise if the family be observed seated round a table at coffee, within a few feet of the cows' tails, or at least of the place where the cows' tails usually hang. Some readers may perhaps be inclined to think that such a situation as this cannot be very comfortable—nay, that it is positively barbarous. We must, however, always bear in mind the remarkable cleanliness of the people. The floor of the cowhouse, which is paved with brick, is scrubbed and washed daily; and, what could not be expected, an air of exceeding freshness and purity is imparted to the whole establishment. Further, it should be recollected that the cows in Holland are kept in the open fields day and night, during the period of summer and autumn; a practice which often proves exceedingly injurious to the animals, particularly in wet weather, but which has the effect of keeping the cowhouse clear of its four-footed inhabitants, except in the cold wintry season, when their warmth is acceptable to the family.*

The Broek dairy we found to be constructed on the usual plan—the stalls of the cows running in a line on the left of the entrance, and the inner door to the dwelling being on the right. It being still early autumn, all the cattle were in the fields, and members of the family, consisting of the mother and daughters, were seated at a table in the passage in front of the entrance, engaged at their mid-day meal. The stalls we perceived to be as clean as a scoured kitchen floor, and on temporary shelves within some of them were ten-cups, plates, and other articles of earthenware. I perceived at a glance, however, that the display of these and other ornaments in the stalls was a device to excite admiration, and thus, if possible, gather a little money from visitors. Placed ostentatiously in a stall near the door, stood an elegantly-painted and gilt apparatus for pressing cheese, which was evidently kept for show, and brought carefully under our attention by the mistress of the establishment. The chief working apparatus is placed modestly along with other utensils in a secluded situation at the inner end of the building. A large trough was pointed out to us, containing a number of newly-made cheeses of the round bullet shape, and each cheese I observed was covered with a handful of wet salt. This, as we learnt, is a common practice in Dutch dairies; the saline flavour being imparted to the cheeses while they are soft, and capable of imbibing moisture. Perhaps, also, the moist salt may be serviceable in keeping the cheeses cool, and free from sourness. Having been shown through the establishment, including the family apartments, we retired on paying the expected fee.

We had now seen the outside of Broek, and hoped that some lucky circumstance would occur to give us an opportunity of seeing the interior of its toy-like mansions. The closed doors and shutters of the rooms next the street gave token of the ancient Dutch practice of reserving the best apartments for very particular and festive occasions. The inner room of the dairy-house, as its mistress informed us, was never used except at baptisms, marriages, deaths, or particular holidays, when relations meet after a lengthened separation. While the main-doors of Broek are thus closed against all ordinary ingress, the doors for daily use are in narrow side lanes; and as the families live entirely in the rear of their dwellings, where they command a prospect of their small gardens and the bounding lines of green-mantled canals, the whole place, as I have said, has an air of inexpressible dullness.

It has been frequently said, and with much truth, that wherever we may travel, be it in the torrid or the frigid zone, in the centre of Africa or in the centre of the Pacific, we will be certain to alight upon a Scotsman. It will not therefore excite any surprise when I mention, that here, in the centre of Broek, did we find a sample of the wandering race. Threading our way out of the village, we were suddenly arrested by observing a small board stuck in the garden of one of the cottages, on which the design

* During my stay in Holland, the cattle in the fields were generally afflicted with a complaint which caused many deaths among them. One Sunday that I was at the church of St Lawrence in Rotterdam, the clergyman prayed that the epidemic among the cattle might be stayed. I could not help thinking, on afterwards seeing herds of cows kept out day and night in the wet polders, without a shed to shelter them, that the Dutch did not use the obvious and natural means in their power to stay the progress of the malady.

nation "Captain Sutherland, pensioner," was inscribed. Here was a chance not to be resisted. On a meagre but well-maintained plea of being fellow countrymen, the captain might act the part of a hospitable citizen of Broek, and we might be permitted to view the interior of one of its many curious-looking houses. After a slight qualm of conscience as to the crime of intrusiveness, we resolved upon fixing ourselves upon the supposed Scotsman; and my friend accordingly made the proper inquiries of an attendant who came to the door, with respect to the place of her master's nativity. By a courteous reply we were at once ushered into the parlour—and such an old-fashioned place it was!—huge beams over head, old oak furniture with well-burnished brass ornaments, clear waxed floor, and walls hung round with various warlike accoutrements. Little time was allowed us to note these interesting objects before the master of the cottage entered the apartment; he was a gentleman of venerable appearance, in the decline of life, his thin person wrapped in a long frock-coat, and greatly to our relief he addressed us with much politeness in tolerably good English. In three minutes our acquaintance was complete, and the captain had begun to give us his history. It was as follows: His father was a Scotsman, who, like many of his countrymen at the period, entered foreign service as a soldier during the seven years' war in Germany, and ultimately settled in Holland as a soldier in the pay of the States-General. He died thirty years ago, leaving his son to follow his footsteps in the capacity of an officer in the Dutch service, in which he had remained till the period of his retirement, with a pension for life. The captain was born in Holland, and had never seen Scotland; but his mother, who was a native of Edinburgh, taught him to speak English, and he was in early life initiated by his father in much of the traditional lore of the Scottish Highlands. He has now three sons, who are all officers in the Dutch army, one being at present with his regiment in Java; and he has a daughter married to an apothecary in Broek, from which circumstance he has been induced to set up his staff of rest in the village, although he is pretty certain that his constitution is unable to contend with the miasma from the surrounding swamp, which will be sure to carry him off at last.

According to the captain's account of the manners of the Broekians, they are a curious unsocial set of beings. Many of them are persons retired with competencies from active life, and their sole pleasure now consists in sitting within doors smoking their pipes, which they do pretty nearly all day long. Each family minds its own affairs, and there is extremely little intercourse among the inhabitants. The men are not married till they have attained their thirtieth year, and the ladies must also have reached a discreet age, before they enter the connubial state. Marriage is indeed very much regulated by the possibility of getting a house, for no new dwelling is ever erected in the village, unless to supply the place of an old one about to fall from age, and therefore a young couple must wait patiently till a vacancy occur by the death of an occupant. By these established regulations, the population of Broek remains fixed at about eight hundred souls, a number which is exactly suitable to the extent of its accommodations.

Captain Sutherland, like a true descendant of a Scottish Highlander, pressed us to remain to take some refreshment; the shades of evening, however, were beginning to fall, and we had a journey to perform not altogether free from danger; so with mutual expressions of good will, we took our leave, and hastened on our way to Amsterdam.

NOVEL METHOD OF CATCHING WILD-FOWL.

THE following extract of a letter from Canton describes a curious and somewhat unsportsman-like method which is adopted in that part of China to take wild fowl. To some of our Cockney sportsmen, whose only object is to bag their game, without caring by what means they accomplish their purpose, the Chinese plan offers peculiar advantages:—"Since I have been here I have been highly amused at the Chinese mode of taking wild fowl, with which the neighbourhood of Canton abounds. Indeed I have several times mingled in the sport myself, and capital fun it is. There's no missing fire—no powder getting damp—no barrel-bursting—nothing but sport, and 'no mistake.' This is our plan. Whenever we see a quantity of ducks settled in any particular piece of water, we send off half-a-dozen gourds to float amongst them. These gourds resemble the pumpkins we have in England; but, being hollowed out, they float on the surface of the water. On one pool, which is very large, we always leave twenty or thirty afloat. At first, the fowl are shy at coming near them, but, by degrees, they get courage; and as all birds at length grow familiar with a scarecrow, they soon gather round them, and amuse themselves by 'whetting their bills' against them. When the birds get pretty familiar with them, we then prepare to deceive them more effectually. I hollow out a pumpkin, which is pretty large, and, after making holes in it to see and breathe through, I clap it on my head. Thus accoutred, I wade slowly into the water, keeping my body under, and letting nothing be seen above the surface but the pumpkin, in which is my head. In this manner I move imperceptibly towards the fowls, which suspect no danger. At last I fairly get in amongst them, while they, having been long used to see gourds, take not the least alarm even when the enemy is in the very midst of them; and a precious insidious enemy I am too, for whenever I approach a fowl, I seize it by the legs, and draw it, with a

sportsman-like (?) jerk, under the water. I then fasten it to my girdle, and proceed on to the next victim, till I have loaded myself with as many as I can fairly walk off with. Thus loaded, I walk quickly away, without disturbing the remainder of the birds in the water, leaving them for another day's sport. I think you will say that, of all the various artifices for catching fowl, this is the most sure and certain. You may call it poaching; it's real sport in China, I assure you, and very certain too. Our guns never miss fire, and we are never bothered with dogs."—From a newspaper.

READINGS IN PETER PINDAR.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BEFORE adverting to Peter's next literary essay, it is necessary to apologise to polite ears for the necessity of naming it. It relates to a subject which could scarcely, in the present improved state of public taste, have been chosen even by a satirist, and which we must hazard the raising of some disgust by describing. Yet an account of Peter Pindar, in which the *Lousiad* should be overlooked, would be the greatest of all possible absurdities; and, come what will, we must follow the wag into it.

The first canto of this mock-heroic poem, as it was called, appeared in October 1785. It related to a ludicrous occurrence which really took place in the palace of George III.—namely, the discovery one day, by the king, of a very odious insect on his plate, amidst some green peas, the first which had been produced that season. There was some doubt if the insect was not one of those produced in gardens; but, at the moment of the discovery, no time was taken to ascertain this point, and the king, in a fit of disgust, ordered the whole of the officials in his kitchen, fifty-two in number, to have their heads shaved, and ever more while in his service to continue in that condition. An order so degrading, produced, as might be expected, no small indignation among the royal cooks and scullions, and at one time there was a general inclination to stand out against it; but ultimately, all, except one, who was discharged, submitted to be shaved. Peter had heard of these tremendous occurrences of the royal household, and, visiting the palace incognito, possessed himself of a great quantity of personal knowledge, which he wrought up in his poem. The piece commences with a burlesque of the solemn openings of the epics of antiquity:—

"The LOUSE I sing, who, from some head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down—(so will'd the dread decree of Fate)!
With legs wide sprawling on the Monarch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace;
Far from the gambols of a tender race,
Whose little feet he taught with care to tread
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wand'ers where to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:
Far from those pleasing scenes ordain'd to roam,
Like wise Ulysses, from his native home;
Yet, like that sage, though forc'd to roam and mourn,
Like him, alas! not fated to return!
Who, full of rags and glory, saw his boy
And wife again, and dog that dy'd for joy
Down dropp'd the luckless LOUSE, with fear appall'd,
And wept his wife and children as he sprawl'd."

Seen was the LOUSE, as with the Royal brood
Our hungry King amus'd himself with food;
Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)
That Kings have appetites like common men;
And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
Kings feed on solids less refin'd than air.
Paint, heavily Muse, the look, the very look,
That of the Sovereign's face possession took,
When first he saw the LOUSE, in solemn state,
Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!
Yet, could a LOUSE a British King surprise,
And like a pair of saucers stretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a mortal head
Shake the great RULER of three realms with dread?

What dire emotions shook the Monarch's soul!
Just like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll;
Whilst anger all his Royal heart possess'd,
That, swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast.
Now, to each trembling Page, a poor mute mouse,
The pious MONARCH cried, 'Is this your LOUSE?'
'Ah! Sir,' (reply'd each page with pig-like whine),
'An't please your Majesty, it is not mine.'
'Not thine?' (the hasty Monarch cried again)
'What? what? what? what? what? what? whose is it then?'

Now at this sad event the SOVEREIGN, sore,
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more;
His wiser Queen, her gracious stomach studying,
Stuck most devoutly to the beef-and-pudding;
For Germans are a very hearty sort,
Whether begot in hog-styes or a court;
Who bear (which shows their hearts are not of stone)
The ills of others better than their own.

Grim TERROR seiz'd the souls of all the Pages,
Of different sizes, and of different ages;
Frighten'd at their pensions or their bones,
They on each other gap'd like Jacob's sons!

Now to a PAGE, but which we can't determine,
The growling Monarch gave the plate and vermin:
'Watch well that blackguard animal,' he cries,
'That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies!
Some spirit whispers, that to cooks I owe
The precious visitor that crawls below;
Yes, yes! the whispering Spirit tells me true,
And soon shall vengeance all their locks pursue.
Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,
Shall lose their cockcomb curls, and wear a wig,
Thus roar'd the King—not Hercules so big!
And all the Palace echo'd—'Wear a wig!'

FEAR, like an ague, struck the pale-nos'd cooks,
And dash'd the beef and mutton from their looks;
Whilst from each cheek the rose withdrew its red,
And Pity blubber'd o'er each menac'd head."

The remainder of the first canto, and the whole of the second, third, and fourth, which appeared in succession, are occupied with the opposition of the culinary officials to the royal decree; and it was not till a fifth canto was added some years after, that the affair was finally adjusted. In this last canto, the king, in a sudden fit of generosity, or rather by way of carrying his point by a coup de main, offers to pay for the wigs out of his own pocket. This gives occasion for a pungent passage on the somewhat sordid economy practised by the royal pair:—

"forth crawl'd an ANCIENT DAME,
Sharp-nos'd, half-starv'd, and AVARICE her name;
With wrinkl'd neck, and parchment-like to view,
That e'en the coarsest kerchief seldom knew:
With hawk-like eyes that glist'ning o'er her gold,
And, raptur'd, ev'ry hour her treasure told;
Who of her fingers form'd a comb so fair,
And with a garter filletted her hair;
Who fiercely snatch'd, with wild devouring eyes,
An atom of brown sugar from the flies;
Made a sad candle from a dab of fat,
And stole a stinking fish-head from a cat;
Sav'd of the mustiest bread the crumbs, and sees
A dinner in the scrapings of a cheese:
Whiffing a stump of pipe, a frequent treat,
That gives the stomach smoke, poor thing! for meat:—
Forth hobbled this old Dame, with shaking head,
Like, in her crooked form, the letter zed."

Forth hobb'd Suz, and, in a quick shrill tone,
Thus to the King of Nations spoke the croon:—
'God bless us, Sir, why give me leave to say,
Your Majesty is throwing things away!
What! give the fellows wigs for every head!
A piece of rare extravagance indeed!
Let them buy wigs themselves, a dirty crew!
An't please your Majesty, what's that to you?
Marry come up, indeed, I say—new wigs!
No—let them suffer for't, the nasty pigs!
Hours in the barber's hands, forsooth, they sit,
Reading the newspapers, and books of wit!
Just like our men of quality, forsooth,
Each full-ag'd gentleman, and dapper youth!
Neemarkerd now, and now the Nation studying,
In clouds of flour sufficient for a pudding.
Then, what extravagance I see and hear!
Unlike your Majesty and Madam there,
Our GREAT consume and squander, fling away—
'Tis rout and hubbub—spend, spend, night and day!
Such racketing that people's peace destroys,
As if the world was only made for noise.
Would ev'ry Duchess copy our good Queen,
More money in their purses would be seen;
Her Majesty to things can condescend,
Which our fine quality, with nose an end,
Behold with such contempt, and such a grin,
As though a little saving was a sin!
Her Majesty, God bless her! does not scorn
To see a stocking and a shoe well worn;
To mend, or darn, or clean a lutestring gown,
So mock'd, indeed, by all the Great in town.
Her Majesty at Frogmore, day and night,
Can to their labour keep her pupils tight;
See that to milliners no trifle goes,
That may be done beneath her own great nose.
Her Majesty can buy a hat, or cloak,
In shops, indeed, as cheap as common folk:
She will not be impos'd upon, she says—
O what a good example for our days!
When PRUDENCE dictates, lo! no pride she feels:
Could order shoes to come with copper heels.
Yes, Majesty could nobly pride renounce,
And make a handsome jacket of a flossie;
'Steal of lawn gown, descend, Great Queen! to escape,
And, 'stead of ribbon, draw a gown with tape;
Turn hats to bonnets, by her prudence led,
And clean a tarnish'd spangl'd shoe with bread;
A gown's worn sleeve from long to short devote,
And into pockets cut an upper coat;
Cut shifts to nightcaps, satin cloaks to muffs,
And calmly frill goat ribbons into ruffs:
Blest with the rarest economic wits,
Transform an old silk stocking into rags!
Transform too (so convertible are things!)
Even flannel petticoats to caps for Kings.—
And then your Majesty, whom God long keep!
How fond, indeed, of every thing that's cheap!
'Best is best cheap'—you very wisely cry;
And so, an't please your Majesty, say I.
Lord bless us! why should people spend and riot?
When people can so save by living tight?"

But, Sir, I beg your pardon—to return
To those same dirty Cooks that you should spare—
Give them no wigs, the Beasts! for, as I say,
'Tis kindness and good money flung away.'
Thus ended AVARICE, at last, her speech,
With praise of King and Queen, and saving, rich.
Such words, deliver'd with a solemn air,
Made the great Ruler of three kingdoms stare.

'Right, right, 'tis very right,' the Monarch cries,
And on his millions rolls his mental eyes—
'Right, MISTRESS AVARICE, right, right, indeed!
I won't buy wigs for every nasty head;
No, no, they'll save it, save it, as you say—
I won't, I won't, I won't, ding pence away!'"

The shaving is finally effected, after which the monarch, to convince the cooks of the reality of the animal which had occasioned all the disturbance, takes out a pill-box in which he had caused it to be immured, and shows it to them. Now, however, a wonderful phenomenon takes place. The peccant insect commences a harangue respecting its history, in which it informs his majesty, that it had not fallen from the head of any cook or scullion, or kitchen-maid, but from his own!

"Lies! lies! lies! lies!" reply'd the furious King,
'Tis no such thing! no, no, 'tis no such thing!
Then quick he aim'd, of red-hot anger full,
His nails of vengeance at the LOUSE's scull;
But ZEPHYR, anxious for his life, drew near,
And sudden bore him to a distant sphere;
In triumph rais'd the animal on high,
Where BERNICE's looks adorn the sky;
But now he wish'd him nobler fame to share,
And crawl for ever on BELINDA's hair.
Yet to the LOUSE was greater glory giv'n;
To roll a planet on the splendid heav'n,
And draw of deep astronomers the ken;
The GEORGIUM SIDUS of the sons of men!!"

And so ends the Lousiad. We are somewhere informed that, when the first part of the poem appeared, it became the subject of an indignant conversation in the Privy Council. Many were for commencing a prosecution of the author; but this was soon seen to be absurd, as it could not be denied that the poem was founded on a fact. "Are you sure of a verdict?" said the Chancellor Thurlow; "if not so, we shall only make ourselves look like a pack of fools."

On the publication of Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides in 1785, Peter, aroused by the glaring folly of many parts of that amusing book, addressed a sarcastic poetical epistle to the author. There is less in this worth notice than in another satire which soon after appeared, under the title of *Bozzy and Piozzi, a Town Eclogue*—in which James Boswell and Madame Piozzi are represented as competing before Sir John Hawkins, as umpire, for the honour of writing the life of Johnson, each endeavouring to give proof of the necessary qualifications by reciting some of the anecdotes they had already given to the world—these being, of course, the most puerile of their respective books. Thus, for example:—

MADAME PIOZZI.

"SAM JOHNSON WAS OF MICHAEL JOHNSON BORN;
Whose shop of books did LITCHFIELD town adorn:
Wrong-headed, stubborn as a halter'd RAM;
In short, the model of our HERO SAM:
Inclin'd to madness too—for when his shop
Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop,
For fear the thieves might steal the vanish'd store,
He duly went each night, and lock'd the door!"

BOZZY.

Whilst JOHNSON WAS IN EDINBURGH, MY WIFE,
To please his palate, studied for her life:
With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,
And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, grouse.

MADAME PIOZZI.

DEAR DOCTOR JOHNSON WAS IN SIZE AN OX,
And from his UNCLE ANDREW learn'd to box;
A MAN to wrestlers and to bruisers dear,
Who kept the ring in SMITHFIELD a whole year.
The Doctor had an Uncle too, ador'd
By jumping gentry, call'd CONNELLUS FORD;
Who jump'd in boots, which JUMPERS never choose,
Far as a famous JUMPER jump'd in shoes.

BOZZY.

I must confess that I enjoy'd a pleasure
In bearing to the North so great a treasure:
Thinks I, I'm like a bullock or a bound,
Who, when a lump of liver he had found,
Runs to some corner, to avoid a riot,
To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet:
I thought this good as all JOE MILLAN's jokes;
And so I up, and told it to the folks.

MADAME PIOZZI.

In Lincolnshire, a lady show'd our friend
A grotto, that she wish'd him to commend;
Quoth she, 'How cool in summer this abode!'
'Yes, Madam (answer'd Johnson), for a toad.'

BOZZY.

Last night much care for JOHNSON'S cold was us'd,
Who, hitherto, without his nightcap snos'd;
That night might treat so wonderful a man ill,
Sweet Miss M'LON did make a cap of flannel;
And after putting it about his head,
She gave him brandy as he went to bed.

MADAME PIOZZI.

For me, in Latin, Doctor JOHNSON wrote
Two lines upon Sir JOSEPH BAKES's goat;
A goat! that round the world so curious went;
A goat! that now eats grass that grows in Kent!

BOZZY.

When young ('twas rather silly I allow),
Much was I pleas'd to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury Lane, with Doctor BLAIR,
My imitations made the playhouse stare!
So very charming was I in my roar,
That both the galleries clapp'd, and cried 'Encore.'
Blest by the general plaudits and the laugh,
I try'd to be a jackass and a calf;

But who, alas! in all things can be great?
In short, I met a terrible defeat;
So vile I bray'd and bellow'd, I was hiss'd;
Yet all who knew me, wonder'd that I miss'd.
BLAIR whisper'd me, 'You've lost your credit now;
Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to the Cow.'

THE PARISIAN CITIZEN.

[The following sketch is condensed from the original of Paul de Kock, author of *Andrew the Savoyard*, and one of the most popular of the living novelists of France. It appears in the *Book of the Hundred and One*, to which we have already been indebted for one or two similar pieces. We have selected and translated the sketch, as a happy illustration of the feelings which all inhabitants of large cities seem to entertain relative to "the country."]

MONSIEUR BARBEAU was a retired shopkeeper of Paris, well stricken in years, gay, sociable, and jolly in disposition, and in body fidgety and active, though round as the sign of the Tun. He was one of the happiest of old fellows, always looking at the bright side of things, and shutting his eyes to the reverse of the picture. Some people, indeed, thought him intolerable; for he talked everlastingly, moving from subject to subject like the princess Scheherazade, and stopping all attempts on the part of the listener to get in a word, with the phrase "Permit me—I have not yet finished." Others, however, liked M. Barbeau for this very reason, seeing that his talk was really full of curious matter. He had mixed much with men of genius, and was stored with anecdotes respecting them. Such was M. Barbeau.

Madame Barbeau, his wife, may be described in fewer words. She was as quiet as her husband was lively, and this is all that need be said about her. This pair had two children, one a girl of sixteen, pretty, and quiet as her mother; the other was a boy of ten, who made already as much noise as his father.

"Wife," said M. Barbeau one day, "I am determined that you shall have some amusement to-morrow—and the children also. Our Leonore is sixteen past, and at that age girls love to take the air, to walk about, and to see something else than the petticoats of their mother—though certainly your petticoats are very respectable ones." "My dear," said the contented lady, "you know we see a good deal of company at home, and M. Bellefeuille, the young painter—" "Yes," interrupted M. Barbeau, "I know he loves Leonore, and I don't say that he shall not have her. But we have plenty of time before us. In the mean time, I wish to speak of my project for to-morrow. We must amuse ourselves; we must go to some fête in the suburbs of Paris. A rural festival is as agreeable."

"But I am no walker, M. Barbeau—" "We will take omnibusses, cabs—are not plenty of these vehicles going at present? One will soon be able to make the tour of Europe for sixpence. Look! how our little Alexander leaps for joy at the thought! Poor fellow, how he will enjoy it! Won't you?" "Oh yes, papa!"

In short, as was usually the case when M. Barbeau settled upon any step, the next morning saw Madame Barbeau, her daughter and son, all ready for the country excursion. The young painter, M. Bellefeuille, too, had dropt in, and had consented willingly to join the party. But M. Barbeau had gone out early, and now the party sat waiting for him. Hour after hour passed, and he came not. The daughter looked at the clock, and sighed; the young painter looked at the daughter, and sighed; and the little boy sighed as he looked at his new inexpressibles. At last the old shopkeeper arrived, bringing with him a little, dry, withered-looking old personage, whom he introduced as Monsieur Grigou. "Only think," cried M. Barbeau, "I met an old friend, and forgot all about the country excursion, until Grigou here came in my way, and accidentally remarked what a fine day it was for a country stroll! I remembered all immediately, and hurried off with Grigou, who is going with us. The more fools, the merrier, you know. Come, wife, send for a coach. Let us be off. Oh how delightful it is to go to the country!"

The coach was sent for, and the party got into it. It cannot be said that they were quite comfortable, however, for M. Barbeau was sufficient nearly of himself to fill one side of the vehicle. Poor little Grigou was entirely hidden behind him, and exclaimed that he was almost suffocated. "Oh, you will do excellently," replied the jolly Barbeau; "take care and don't move too much. Coachman, where is there a rural fête to-day?" The coachman could not tell, but finally recommended them to go to the suburban village of Belleville. On arriving there, the party left the coach, and sent it back. They then promenaded up and down the main street of the village, expecting in vain to hear the sound of fiddles, and to see villagers dancing. All was dull and quiet. Madame Barbeau walked gravely up and down, leaning on her daughter's arm; the little boy marched in the middle of the gutter, striving to dirty himself by way of at least doing something; the painter sought in vain for a picturesque landscape in the main street of Belleville; while Grigou looked peevishly about him, muttering "Is this what they call the country?"

All at once M. Barbeau stopt. "Ah! that coachman was a beast to bring us here! There is no festival in Belleville to-day. Let us go to the wood of Romainville."

M. Barbeau's wishes were law. Away the party went across the country to Romainville. They soon saw the wood before them. "Papa! papa!" cried

little Alexander, "here is an ass!" "Do you wish to ride upon it?" "Oh yes, papa!" "Well, I will go and hire one for you, and one for Leonore also. Wife, will you have one?" "I! are you mad, M. Barbeau?" said the quiet lady; "but Grigou will ride. There are horses to be hired also." Poor Grigou cried that he could not ride, but M. Barbeau exclaimed, "One must amuse oneself in the country," and started off to hire two horses and two asses. The painter remained on foot, to take charge of Madame Barbeau. Speedily, Alexander and Leonore were mounted on the two more peaceable animals, and M. Barbeau and Grigou got on horseback. The cavalcade entered the wood, and the two equestrians soon lost sight of the asses and their riders. On coming to a little declivity, M. Barbeau put his steed to a trot. Grigou followed, and in doing so exhibited involuntarily a specimen of dexterous leaping. He flew over the head of his horse, which kindly stooped on its knees to permit him to do so with more ease and convenience. "I was sure that would happen," cried the little man, groaning and grinning lamentably. Barbeau turned back, and got him on his legs, but nothing would tempt Grigou to mount again and pursue his ride. The pair then retraced their steps, Grigou leading his horse by the bridle. On their way, they perceived an ass rolling over and over on the grass, after having thrown its rider, a lady, who lay with her face covered by her bonnet. "Ah, Grigou! what a sketch for M. Bellefeuille!" cried Barbeau. Madame Barbeau rushed forward and raised the fallen lady. Barbeau then saw that it was his own daughter, and lost all his admiration of the prospect. He dismounted and ran forward. "My daughter has fallen," cried Madame Barbeau; "that villainous ass would lie down." "Are you hurt, Leonore?" said Barbeau. "Oh no, papa," said the young lady. "Then all is well. Where is Bellefeuille?" "A little way behind," said Madame. "Ah, then! let us go and seek him," returned Barbeau; "he will take back the animals. It is but a little distance, and we will sit down and wait for him. Ah! here is Alexander!"

Alexander now appeared, leading his ass. The little fellow twisted himself curiously in his walk, his dress having met with a misfortune which he was anxious to conceal from his mamma. Bellefeuille went off with the animals, with no very good will to the task, but he durst not refuse the request of Leonore's father. The party then seated themselves on the grass, and M. Barbeau began, as usual, to talk for all. Observing, however, that his wife and daughter did not listen to him, he said, "What are you looking at in the air?" "These nuts over there; how fine they look!" "Mamma, do you wish me to climb for some?" cried the little Alexander. "No, my boy," said his father, who had noticed the vestimentary mishap, "that would not be pretty in thy circumstances. Grigou! go and knock down some of these nuts for Leonore and her mother." The obedient little man rose. "But is it permitted?" said he. "Psha!" returned Barbeau, "who would be angry about a nut!"

Grigou went and commenced throwing stones at the nuts. He continued this occupation for a time, and began to take a great pleasure in it, as it recalled boyish days. Every time he was successful in striking down one, he exclaimed triumphantly, "Down he goes!" He was at his twentieth stone and eighth nut, when a little man, armed with a great sabre, and decorated with a cocked hat, the point of which was placed exactly above his nose, started forward, and seized poor Grigou by the collar, exclaiming at the same time, "Is the man mad! stealing before all the world! thou shalt pay for this in prison, Parisian!"

Grigou struggled to get out of the rustic functionary's grasp. His cries brought Barbeau and the rest of the party to the spot, while the official also got a reinforcement in the persons of several peasants. The peasants around Paris have a great dislike of the Parisians, who only come to the fields (the rustics think) for the purpose of doing mischief. Poor little Grigou was almost deafened by their railings. "What! would you take a man to prison for a nut?" cried M. Barbeau. "To be sure! the pilfering scoundrel!" replied the rural official. "Come, we will pay for what is done," said Barbeau; "here are a hundred sous, and leave us in peace."

The official refused the offer, probably because there were too many eyes around him. "We must go before the mayor," said he; and all the peasants shouted, "to the mayor—to the mayor! These vile Parisians come to rob us!" "Ah, well! we will go before the mayor!" cried Barbeau; and away the whole band marched, the officer keeping his hand still upon the collar of Grigou, who was on the point of crying. They soon reached the village of Romainville, and the cavalcade was joined by all the boys and girls of the village. M. Barbeau strode along at the head of the band, declaiming with such unwearied vehemence, that in the end he fairly frightened the rustics, who thought that one who spoke so much could not be in the wrong. On reaching the mayor's house, the mayor was found not to be at home. He was at the inn settling a dispute among a party of drinkers there. "Come, let us seek him there," cried Barbeau; and away he marched, having the appearance of one who had arrested Grigou, not of one who had to answer a complaint. The mayor had departed from the inn, and the rustic functionary was glad to take the op-

portunity of crying, "Ah, we can't find the mayor. The prisoner may go for this time. He went come here to knock down nuts again." And all the peasants assented, saying, "He may go for this time!"

Grigou was delighted, and thanked them all heartily, but he was interrupted by Barbeau, who exclaimed, "I don't understand this way of doing, gentlemen. A man is not to be arrested for nothing. Come, we shall find the mayor yet!" Little Grigou became blue with rage. "Now, really, Monsieur Barbeau, this is too bad! Was it not you who set me to drive down the nuts? And is it you that are going to take me before the mayor, when these gentlemen are willing to forget it?" "I wish every thing done regularly," retorted Barbeau. "You may wish what you choose," replied Grigou; "you are only an obstinate fool." "And you a spiritless imbecile!" was Barbeau's rejoinder.

The peasants were obliged now to interfere between the two friends, who at length became pacified. Grigou called for some wine, and all were speedily excellent friends. "You have no fête at Romainville to-day?" said Barbeau to the rustics. "Fête! there is a fête at Bagnolet." The flighty Barbeau no sooner heard of this, than he determined to go to Bagnolet. He hurried off Grigou from the inn to the spot where they had left Bellefeuille, with Madame Barbeau and the children, outside of the village. "Bagnolet!" exclaimed Madame Barbeau; "my dear, we are all tired and hungry; and the evening is advancing." "Psha! Bagnolet is but a step off—and all down hill. We shall dine there." These words of Barbeau settled the matter, and away the party went to Bagnolet.

On approaching this village, which consists of one long street, the party heard a confused noise, which increased as they drew nigher. "Ha!" cried Barbeau, gaily, "one may soon know that there is a festival here!" And a fête there really was at Bagnolet. Barbeau and his party found a band of young people of both sexes assembled round two violin players, and a tambourin player, while two tents were placed hard by for the sale of sausages and other articles. Our party were almost dying with hunger. They could see no regular eating-house in the village, but entered a little cottage, which had on its sign *Country garden and landscape*. "Do you understand what that means?" said Barbeau to the painter. "Not I, on my word." "Nor I," said Barbeau; "but we will go in and ask for an eating landscape." The house being occupied, they were shown into a little back garden, where a row of paper pictures of canaries and parrots, stuck on the wall, constituted the pretensions of the place to have the word *landscape* on the sign. Salad and eggs formed the repast of the party, and they thought it very rural indeed. A little wine followed, and the spirits of Barbeau rose so high, that he insisted on going out and joining the dancers. The whole party accompanied him to the spot. Barbeau led up his reluctant lady. Bellefeuille took the hand of Leonore, and they commenced to dance with might and main. Barbeau was glorious. He bounded from the earth like a barrel descending a rocky hill. All at once, however, the dance was brought suddenly to a close. A party of peasants came up to the dancers, and were for taking away the girls who were their partners. An immediate battle took place. The women ran away, children cried, but still the fiddles and tambourin went on with their noise. The men struck and tumbled over one another in inextricable confusion. Madame Barbeau and Leonore had great difficulty in getting out of the crowd, but they could not see Mons. Barbeau, nor the painter, nor little Alexander. They saw poor Grigou beneath four men, who beat each other on the top of him. At last he got from under them, half dead. Bellefeuille then appeared without his hat, but with Alexander in his hand, whom he handed over to his mother. Madame Barbeau was still in terror for her husband. Bellefeuille again entered the crowd, and, after a little time, led him out, cravatless and collarless, but still in good humour. "Ah, Bellefeuille! but for you those rogues would have crushed me to death," cried he, as soon as he could speak; "St Denis, what a battle I have had!" "Battle!" said his wife; "did you fight, my dear?" "To be sure I did." "And for what?" "Indeed, I know not," said Barbeau; "but every body was fighting, and I did like others. One rascal had me down, and would have beat me, had not Bellefeuille knocked him over. Leonore, will you have Bellefeuille?" "Ah, papa!" "Ah means yes!" Bellefeuille, you shall have Leonore, and the next fête we shall have, shall be at your marriage. Come, let us find a coach. We shall soon have a dance and a fête again," continued the jolly old shopkeeper, as the party set out on their route. "Ah, Monsieur Barbeau," murmured Grigou, whose poor little body was covered with bruises, and who still found the nuts hard to crack, "you shall not catch me in a hurry at another fête in the environs of Paris!"

USED TO IT.

A person one day meeting Will Speir, a poor idiot, observed that he was limping, and inquiring the cause, was told that a tacklet had been driven through the heel of his shoe, and pierced his foot. "Why don't you caulk the tacklet down wi' a hammer?" said the inquirer. Will replied, "Na, na, I am used till' noo." "Like Will Speir's tacklet," is now used as a proverb in the parishes around Dalry.—*Laird of Logan*.

ABSTINENCE SOCIETIES.

One of the most marked signs of improvement in the social condition of the people at the present moment, is the rapid progress of societies, whose members pledge themselves to abstain entirely from any species of intoxicating liquors. We learn that there are now 30,000 teetotalers in Glasgow, 10,000 in Manchester, nearly 3000 in Dumfries, and many thousands in every part of the kingdom; the numbers daily advancing by hundreds. It is the opinion of some writers that the members of these associations are fanatics, who maintain impracticable doctrines, and that they will do more harm than good. We fear that persons who take this view of the matter know nothing practically of the working classes of this country. Judging from our own experience, we unhesitatingly declare that the teetotal abstinence societies are producing a silent but effectual revolution for the better in the condition of the working classes. Comfort and peace now prevail where formerly there were misery and strife. In the domestic establishment, good order has taken the place of disorder. In workshops, masters and men go on together in harmony, instead of being in a state of mutual hatred. And it is indisputable that much of this improvement is owing to the spread of abstinence associations. That there are instances in which the human frame will suffer injury, if spirits or wines are abstained from, there can be no question; for it is notorious that physicians frequently save lives which are sinking, by the timely administration of draughts of brandy. But these, and such like, are the legitimate exceptions to the rule, and will always be regulated by the common sense of mankind. Philanthropists need be in no alarm that the people will hurt themselves by being too temperate.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS ON ANIMALS.

We see it mentioned in a country newspaper that the losses which farmers and others sometimes suffer from accidents to the limbs of their cattle, may be avoided by resorting to amputation.—"In the course of last summer (says our authority) Mr C. had a fine two-year-old ox, which, from an accident, had one of its legs broken a little above the hough joint, and the bone so much shattered, that there was only one of two alternatives left, either destroying the animal, or resorting to amputation. As it was not fit for the knife, the latter alternative was certainly the most desirable, although with most people the case would have been considered so hopeless, that the other would be the one adopted. Mr C. decided differently, and with a result that proved he had judged wisely. The resolution was no sooner taken than acted upon, and the broken limb removed by amputation, the animal having stood the operation so well, as to refuse food for one day only. We have only to add, that the course adopted so far realised Mr C's expectations, that his ox continued to recover, and fed so well, that it is now fit for the butcher. It is thus seen that farmers, when any of their cattle meet with an accident, whereby a limb is broken, and the bone so much shattered that recovery from a union of the parts is hopeless—it is not necessary to destroy the animal. In the present case amputation was made at a part so favourable for bandages and strapping, that these were soon all abandoned, and the healing of the part left to nature; yet the animal recovered, fattened, and turned out all that its owner could have wished under the circumstances."

BENEVOLENCE OF A VOCALIST.

The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons one day lately observed a poor woman, with four children, begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance, in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kind-hearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the Place Balcon, where, placing himself in a corner, with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief, and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favourite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd around him; the idea of some mystery stimulated the generosity of the bystanders, and five-france pieces fell in showers into the hat. When the singer, who had thus, in the goodness of his heart, transformed himself into a street minstrel, thought he had got enough, he took up the hat, emptied its contents into the apron of the poor woman, who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd. His talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and next evening, when he appeared on the stage, shouts of applause from all parts of the house poured (says the French journalist) that a good action is never thrown away.—*Gazette Musicale*.

A LESSON TO YOUNG LADIES.

The eldest of two sisters was promised by her father to a gentleman, possessed of a large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to make his visit, he not having as yet seen either of them, and the ladies were informed of his coming, that they might be prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to show her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a dress, which sat very tight and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, though it was in winter, and exceedingly cold. The consequence was, that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather: while her sister, who, regardless of her shape, had attired herself rationally with thick garments lined with fur, looked warm and healthy, and ruddy as a rose. The gentleman was fascinated by her who had the most health and the most prudence; and having obtained the father's consent to the change, left the mortified sister to shiver in single blessedness.—*A French Legend*.

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